The COMMONWEAL

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Further Abandonment of the Four Freedoms

ALMOST two months ago we had occasion in these columns to point to the tremendous pressure which has been brought to bear on the present Administration to "lay off" the Negro. By and large the New Deal has an excellent record in what it has done or tried to do to improve the economic and political status of colored citizens. Through the various departments of government it has made serious efforts to better Negro educational opportunities in a practical way; it has given a fair share of Federal jobs to Negroes; it has tried to redress the prejudices of the armed services. Finally, through a quasi-judicial body, the Fair Employment Practices Committee, it has attempted—and with considerable success—to eliminate discrimination based upon race, color or creed from defense industries. The Roosevelt Administration has also favored anti-lynching and anti-poll tax bills, though it has never put them in the "must" category and none of these bills has yet become law.

It is a plain fact that an appreciable source of the New Deal's political strength lies in the Southern bloc in Congress. As a result of last fall's election, the importance of this bloc in the carrying out of the Administration's policies has naturally increased. So long as both houses of Congress were almost overwhelmingly Democratic, it was possible to oppose Southern Congressmen on this one question, making it up to them by favors in other directions. But under the present situation this is no longer the case. The margin in both Senate and House is too slim. Evidently the Administration has felt that it must sell its Negro policy down the river.

Two months ago we pointed to the increasing pressure and hinted that it might go further. We also pointed out that pressure of this sort, with the compromises it produces, is necessary to the peaceful functioning of a democracy in which there are deep cleavages of opinion between sections of the population. Yet there comes a time when yielding to such pressure can accentuate rather than ease the strain. Particularly is this true when an issue is absolutely clear cut. In the case of the Poll Tax Bill an attempt was being made to remedy an ancient abuse, but the rancor of that abuse was somewhat modified by the fact that it injured the rights of whites as well as Negroes. We are now confronted with a very different situation. For a year and a half the Fair Employment Practices Committee has actually been functioning. It has been functioning in accordance with a broad principle of policy to which the President of the United States committed the nation, and to which there has been substantially no open opposition, for it is a principle which no one dares openly oppose, without denying the entire moral basis of our way of life. Many months ago the Fair Employment Practices Committee agreed to hold hearings on what is generally admitted to be one of the nastiest race situations in American industry—the gradual exclusion of Negroes from railroad jobs in the South by the railroad Brotherhoods with the connivance—or acquiescence—of railroad management. These hearings were set for January 25-27, 1943. Then suddenly, two weeks before the hearings were to be held, Mr. Paul McNutt, who has no legal jurisdiction over the Fair Employment Practices Committee, but within whose budget the Committee operates, announced that the hearings had been postponed and refused to set any date when they would be held. A delegation of protest went to Washington from Detroit, saw Mr. McNutt and got nowhere. A few days later a group of 52 persons representing 27 different organizations—including Catholic, Jewish and Protestant bodies—was treated most discourteously when it appeared in Washington. Mr. McNutt refused absolutely to see the whole group, although an appointment had been made some days earlier. He insisted that only four spokesmen from among the 52 persons might have the privilege of entering the sacred precincts of his office. This was unacceptable to the group as a whole.

So we now find that Southern pressure has made the Administration go back on what is one of the fundamental policies capable of justfying anyone's hope that we are fighting for the Four

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Freedoms at home as well as abroad. Little wonder that those in charge of censorship insist the British shall not read too much American Negro news. Those hardened imperialists in their tight little island might be shocked.

Peace of Isolationism?

UNHAPPILY it is true that this country is temperamentally isolationist. We have steadily refused to enter into sweeping international political engagements until we were persuaded that an enemy on the rampage was actually at the gate. We have refused to sacrifice sovereignty, wealth or opportunities to make a few dollars until war was upon us. Come war, we pour out lavishly our material wealth and the lifeblood of our youth. As soon as the shooting is over, we tend to withdraw again into our shell. This is a real obstacle to any plans for American leadership in the rehabilitation and governance of the post-war world.

With such lethargy and diffidence to deal with, two conclusions are possible. One is to accept such a barrier as insuperable, as Edwin L. James recently has in the New York *Times*. Accordingly we are startled to find one of the country's most internationally-minded and interventionist journals suddenly of a Sunday coming out in these matters for "realism" instead of "logic." The *Times* actually would revert to reliance upon "voluntary cooperation of sovereign and independent nations," and the sobering realization by would-be aggressors of America's armed might. Can such "realists" overlook the fact that each time the *blitz* comes closer to complete success, while American intervention requires two long years, at least? Next time it would be too late.

The alternative is a persistent, nationwide campaign to educate the American people as to the cost in lives, wealth and security of our traditional isolationism. We do not know that a return to isolationism is inevitable, particularly if during this war adequate effort is made to demonstrate the essential connection between both surrendering some sovereignty and assuming due international responsibility and the winning of a lasting peace. What we do know is that reliance on national preparedness and balance of power will lead only to further conflicts.

What About the Professions?

IT SEEMS highly doubtful that the Supreme Court, in its recent decision on the controversy between Group Health Associates and organized medicine, meant to suggest that doctors are now free to abandon the ethics of their profession, simply because, in the issue before the court, the commercial aspect of the case seemed paramount, and therefore the court held that medicine is a trade and can come under the terms of the anti-trust law. Yet we all know that in recent decades there has been a decline in the adherence to professional ethics on the part of professional men themselves, and this decline has led the unthinking to forget that the traditions and codes of the professions exist as much to protect society as to protect practitioners. Nothing could be more pernicious in its threat to some of the finest principles in our culture. A symptom of the degeneration of the public mind, of its debonair dismissal of what we might call the professional decencies, is the recurrent tendency to try to smear public figures who are also lawyers by reproaching them for having represented clients at present not highly esteemed, or even vaguely connected with some government at present understandably unpopular among Americans.

What follows is in no sense a defense of the two politicians involved. It is rather a wholehearted protest against a peculiarly alarming means used by their opponents in attempts to discredit them. It was shocking to a great many people when in last fall's elections certain New York newspapers tried to discredit State Senator Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., by playing up the fact that his family's law firm, Coudert Brothers, had represented the Bank of France. Not only was there absolutely no reason why Coudert Brothers should not represent the Bank of France, but any one thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of our legal traditions could make an excellent case for asserting that this long established law office had a moral obligation to act precisely as it did. This attack on Mr. Coudert, unpleasantly reminiscent of totalitarian methods of controversy, probably did him more good than harm in his campaign. But now we find a politician of national importance in the opposite party being attacked on precisely the same ground. Senator Bridges of New Hampshire is guilty of the following:

> First, I charge that Edward J. Flynn, through the law firm of Goldwater & Flynn, represented a Mr. Serge Rubinstein, who at the time of his retainer with Flynn had large Japanese interests, and that this Mr. Rubinstein was closely associated with one Guiji Kassai, who was a registered agent of the Japanese Government and was in this country until two weeks before Pearl Harbor. Mr. Rubinstein also presented a gift of money to the Japanese Government at a time when our relations with Japan were clearly strained. The story of the Flynn-Rubinstein combination is one of international import that has a direct bearing on anyone who represents us in this international crisis in which we are involved in war with Japan.

We make no defense whatever of Mr. Flynn's nomination to Australia. That is not the point. But we do object intensely that his relations with a client—unquestionably proper relations, in which his client was in every way entitled to the best legal counsel he could obtain—be made a count in a bill of particulars against his availability for high governmental office. If this practice becomes prevalent, it will jeopardize the whole proper re-

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lationship between client and attorney, and it already makes it more difficult for unpopular cases to find adequate legal representation. The only real sufferer from such tactics is justice—and each one of us.

If We Hate, We Shall Fail

REX STOUT, author of "Too Many Cooks," and chairman of the Writers' War Board, has contributed a piece to the New York *Times* Sunday magazine section to prove that Americans must hate if we are to win the war. He would compound the evil in permissible war by maintaining of the Germans (and presumably of the Japanese) "we cannot and must not kill them unless we do hate them." He dismisses as humanly impossible hatred of the evil that men do without corresponding hatred of the people who perpetrate it, or even those who permit it. But that is merely his line of argument. He is interested in hatred as a means of victory and he concludes: "We shall hate or we shall fail." With all deference to the government agency responsible for or permitting such a rhetorical performance, exactly the reverse is true.

Argue the matter on the plane of the morale of men in battle. And leave aside the fact that most of the fighting is impersonal, firing or bombing from a distance, and take the instance where the enemy is face to face. Other things being equal, the man who enters into combat convinced of the justice of his cause and knowing that his fate and that of his companions depends upon him proves more effective than the soldier who sees red and heedlessly throws himself at the first enemy in sight. Is not the love of one's own—the comrade in arms, the family at home, the men, women and children languishing under the conqueror's heel—sufficient emotional motivation? For this the soldier exposes himself to gunfire; for this he seeks to destroy an enemy which threatens what he holds dear. What need have we of hatred? Moreover, psychologists demonstrate that the arousing of the baser passions undermines the human organism; it results inevitably in the weakening of character and impairment of morale. Why incite to hatred then?

If the American people are effectively to be won over to a hymn of hatred toward all Germans who have instigated *or permitted* the carrying out of nazi crimes against civilization, that hatred must go deep. It cannot be lightly donned and doffed. If we hate all these Germans "from the bottom of our souls," how can we bring about the just and durable peace for which we are supposed to be fighting? If we really hate, we shall sow the seeds of an even more terrible war of vengeance.

Most important of all in this discussion on pragmatic grounds is the climate in which the coming peace will be made. Germany will eventually be at the mercy of a vengeful Europe, of millions of Russians, Czechs, Poles, Frenchmen, Scandinavians and Lowlanders intent on paying back in kind and with interest the barbarities they have suffered. If Europe is to survive at all, the United States must serve for a time as a protector. Can we then be impelled by hatred? For Christians everywhere hatred is out in any case, and for those in the United States the injunction to love our enemies imposes the greatest responsibility of all. If we hate, we shall fail.

Explication Simple

FROM the *Congressional Record* for January 18, 1943, Senate: "PROHIBITION OF LIQUOR SALES AROUND MILITARY CAMPS. Mr. O'DANIEL . . . Field Marshal Henry Petain, of France, after the fall of France, said: 'Our soldiers were drunk and could not fight.'"

N. B.

PATRICK REILLY, a bus driver for the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, received a check for $3,564.00 on January 13 from the Transport Workers Union, a CIO affiliate. This represents the wages he lost by being dismissed from the union and thereby automatically from the company. Mr. Reilly had been "tried" by the union for criticizing its administration as communist, and was suspended. He took his case against the union to court with the help of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and succeeded in winning reinstatement last February. The ACTU hails this case "because by it the right of the union member to enjoy free speech within his union halls is sustained. Minorities can no longer be abused and stifled. The right to honestly criticize, to question and to oppose the leadership of the union has been thus protected."

* * *

The Madison, Wis., *Progressive* for January 18 reports that US Bureau of Labor Statistics reveal that American co-ops have increased business by 90 percent in the past five years. Membership in stores and buying clubs rose from 330,000 to 543,000, in co-op electrical associations from 82,500 to 1,205,000, and in credit unions from 1,210,000 to 3,532,000. "The consumer cooperatives saved for their members over $16,250,000 in one year."

* * *

The Christian Culture award of Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario—"bestowed annually on some outstanding lay exponent of Christian ideals"—has previously been given to Sigrid Undset and Jacques Maritain. This year, on January 24, it was awarded to a labor leader, Philip Murray of the CIO.

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Grenier and Peyrouton

PEYROUTON comes to Algeria — a legacy from the original agreement with Darlan. Grenier comes to de Gaulle in London. Grenier is a communist, and Peyrouton is a Vichy official who quarreled with, and was fired by, Laval. On the record he appears to have been much interested in bigger and better concentration camps and in anti-Jewish legislation. Grenier was Secretary General of the Friends of the Soviet Union and, as such, specialized in the management and direction of communist fellow travelers in France. On his arrival in London he announced that he was delegated by the Central Committee of the Communist Party and that he brought the Party's support to de Gaulle. Anyone working in New York gets second, third and fourth hand portraits of these men from all the sources a cosmopolitan city in wartime provides, and we also could write scathingly about one or both of them, but this page has been, and will be, concerned with principle, and with persons only in so far as they illustrate principle.

What must be said is this: the support we are giving to reactionary elements in North Africa is not improbably related to the increasing support given de Gaulle by pre-war socialist, radical and communist elements in France. It is through fear of communism that we are supporting what we consider to be the best available bulwark against communism and, of course, that means a collection of bankers, industrialists, generals, colonial administrators, politicians, all of whom have supported the Vichy government in its internal policy whether or not they approved of its foreign policy of collaboration with Germany. Neither our new friends in North Africa nor the interests they represent in France can be democratic, since, before the war and during the war and after the war, they see in democracy a climate in which men who intend to destroy all they care for most once prospered and may prosper again. Democracy to them is what the New Deal is to the NAM—only worse, far worse.

Look what happened. At first, when the political composition of the de Gaulle National Committee in London had a distinctly conservative aspect, and when the reactionaries in France discovered the possibility that Germany might lose the war, these men considered the advisability of having a foot in the Allied camp. At one time, therefore, there is good reason to suppose that they sent de Gaulle emissaries, secretly as well as openly, saying: after all, you are a patriot, a gentleman and a general and we will let you back into the club sometime and don't think we are as bad as we seem. That was when the Croix de Feu gentlemen arrived; that was when the Comité des Forges gentlemen began to cover the bets they had placed on a German victory. But with these men in London de Gaulle faced losing the support of the strongest elements in the French underground movement of resistance and so, very soon afterwards, we were presented with the arrival in London of a socialist (Brossolette) and another socialist (André Philip) too and now a communist (Grenier). Whereupon the reactionaries in France, still hedging, hedging even more as the balance turned against Germany, withdrew from de Gaulle and looked toward North Africa and toward America. And this is the movement Mr. Murphy perceived and assisted.

London, Vichy, Algiers and New York—and Moscow. For if it was the general weakening of the German position which persuaded many in France that the Allies were people to be considered, it was the growing Russian military and political prestige which determined them to turn to the Americans and to join, *through men of their choice,* the American effort. These reactionaries are in all sincerity anti-German. They also want to be on the winning side. To maintain their position they must be on the winning side. But they do not want to be obligated in any way, associated in victory in any way, with French communists or socialists, or with French labor, or even with French democrats, for it is not their plan to allow these elements to return to power in a liberated France. They want a Vichy France, a nationalist France, without any Germans and with not too many Jews.

This is the situation American policy makers are facing, and as has been remarked here before, the men who make our policies not unfaithfully reflect the social and ideological structure of our nation, they do not like revolutionary movements and they are inclined to deal—not only for military reasons—with the elements they think can restrain them. The calculation is based on the most extreme error. In so far as we support reactionary elements in North Africa, or in France, or in Italy, or anywhere else in Europe or out of Europe—and in our own country too—we will not be building a rampart against communism, we will be playing into the hands of communism.

We are being blackmailed by the reactionaries and blackmailed by the communists. And this blackmail will work until, and unless, we recognize that here is the same old dilemma, the same artificial opposition between communism and fascism. This blackmail will work and we will continue to prepare the path for a communist dominated world—by supporting the reactionaries—until and unless we throw all our strength and all our integrity behind those real forces which in every nation are autonomous and living and democratic, which are neither reactionary nor communist, and which we can find if we seek.

C. G. PAULDING.

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To Jacques Maritain

Words spoken at a luncheon in honor of a philosopher's sixtieth birthday.

By **Dorothy Thompson**

The following is the text of Miss Thompson's speech at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, January 9, 1943. The quotation from Chesterton is reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead and Co.

WE, who come here today to pay tribute to Jacques Maritain, do so out of a sense of gratitude, which is more than personal. M. Maritain is an exile in this country, and yet he is no exile. This is a very interesting fact. For from the foundation of this state, we have given haven to exiles through all the vicissitudes of Europe. Some of these have always been exiles, no matter how long they have remained upon our soil. Others have never been exiles.

Now, why is this? Does it not mark the difference between that type of man who is bound and dominated by blood and soil, and that other, who lives in the realm of the spirit?

The concept of being race-bound and nation-bound is not a German invention. It lives in everybody. M. Maritain is a Frenchman—as a matter of fact, a very French Frenchman. And I have no doubt that many times a great nostalgia possesses him, here in the midst of this vigorous and turbulent New York, for the shapes and forms and spaces and elegances of Paris. And to a man of ideas, a language is more than race and more than blood, but the native and unconscious instrument for the most precise expression of his thoughts, the incarnation of his deepest instincts, the natural outlet of expression for the spontaneous, the refuge of the soul. Every exile feels the reduction of his personality and even the reduction of his thought, by expression in a language which he has learned, instead of in one with which he has grown up. That is why the linguistic mistakes of gifted foreigners are so charming, for in them the real language breaks through, shattering the imposed forms.

As one who has herself lived many years abroad, I know the longing for the most trivial signposts of one's own civilization. The taste of apples, the contours of New England stone fences, the smell of broiling meat in roadside diners—a thousand and one sounds and sights and smells which evoke and enrich the memory and give one the feeling of roots and continuity.

So I can imagine how M. Maritain imagines himself, now and then, walking on the *quais* along the Seine, picking out here and there a book, browsing in that more leisurely atmosphere, or, sitting in the Jardin du Luxembourg in the tender Paris spring, watching the children playing with their boats. These trifling things and a thousand others are irreplaceable to the native; they invest moments with melancholy and the sense of loss.

One sits in the movies, and there is a shot of some native scene—just a bit of stage background—a village in Savoie, or a landmark as familiar to the whole world as the Arc de Triomphe, and suddenly the whole picture fades away, and all one can see is that one shot, and the scene shifts, but the one scene remains, awakening a whole panorama of memory.

So in all these things, M. Maritain is an exile.

Yet, when we read his books, or talk with him, none of us has any sense of strangeness. He is one of us, because he belongs to our spiritual world.

This is not because he has "become converted to America," or "Americanized." There is a cheap Americanization as easy to put on as a suit of clothes. But those who put it on most quickly and ostentatiously are by no means those who understand America best. They share American mannerisms, but not the American dream. They speak the language of our streets, but not the language of our history, nor the language of our yearnings.

M. Maritain comes to us from a culture, not from a country.

That culture is French, European, Catholic, and universal in Western civilization. The language of ideas, which he speaks, is familiar to all who are Christians, and to all who hunger and thirst after freedom and equality. It is Christian in the widest and deepest apostolic sense—a Christianity that embraces in its love and concern the non-Christian as well; the spirit that welcomes the exile. Whoever shares and deeply feels this apostolic Christianity has a spiritual home in America, for without that spirit there never would have been an America. Without it there never would have been the concept of democracy—the concept of the divinity in man, expressed in the words that we are all endowed by our Creator with inalienable rights, of life, and freedom, and joy, and that government, and the whole organization of human society exist for the preservation and constant re-

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creation of the conditions in which men shall find life, and freedom, and joy, each for himself and his family, and all for each and each for all.

We did not have to tell M. Maritain about this when he came to America. He knew it already. He knew it in French instead of in English, that is all.

The language which he speaks is familiar to all who love freedom as they love their fathers and mothers, and the sights, sounds, and smells of their childhood; to all who know what freedom really is—the air and the climate in which man can become his fullest self. It is not the licentious who truly understand the meaning of freedom. They are its enemies, awakening doubts in it. Freedom has its own disciples, the more rigorous because self-imposed, imposed by spiritual imperatives. As marriage is the freest form of love, since it is love that, declaring itself before all men, lives freely in the protection of all men, incorporating itself in the harmony of society, so there is an order of freedom. Outside an order of freedom there is no freedom, there is anarchy in which each fears his neighbor. In America we speak of freedom under law, law being its prerequisite.

Yet, if by lawlessness we destroy freedom, yet shall we strive always to re-elevate her, for freedom is the prerequisite and aim of law, as law is the prerequisite of freedom.

> When God put man in a garden
> He girt him with a sword,
> And sent him forth a free knight
> That might betray his lord.
>
> He brake Him and betrayed Him,
> And fast and far he fell,
> Till you and I may stretch our necks
> And burn our beards in hell.
>
> But though I lie on the floor of the world,
> With the seven sins for rods,
> I would rather fall with Adam
> Than rise with all your gods.

as Chesterton makes King Alfred sing to the pagan nazi conquerors of his day.

Our Western civilization, and not least of all her youngest child, America, seeks and has perennially sought for wider, deeper, truer freedom. And M. Maritain understands our search and shares it. He searches with us. He is of us.

And we seek for equality. The equality which can make our society a harmonious fellowship, a family. This equality is not to be found in uniformity. There is no such equality in the most intimate family. The range and diversity of human skills, talents and degrees of development are immense, and are in nature, and there is no leveling down of such diversities except to the meanest and most mediocre level. The equality which we seek comes through the uses to which these diverse talents are put. Equality in rights, and equality in the duty of service. A greater equality in material things, since it is in material things that all men have most equal needs. All men need food equally, and shelter, and clothing, and access to education. Until men start with the basic equality—the fulfillment of their actual bodily necessities—we cannot make a true and ever-fluent hierarchy of society, into which each, according to his abilities, may rise equally, from the equal base upon which the whole society is founded. Those who think that men must compete for bread or will never compete at all have never read or understood the Lord's Prayer. And neither have they read or understood Thomas Jefferson.

M. Maritain understands America because he understands the American dream. He understands the American dream because he understands the European dream. And he understands the European dream because he understands the yearnings of humanity.

America is a state founded in the name of God for humanity.

Should it ever cease to be such a state, we should all be in exile—all of us here—even if the signposts and fences, smells and sights, were altogether familiar. Our bodies would have a home; our spirits none. And if there should exist anywhere in the far-flung seas a lonely island, where a few men might gather together and raise a flag in the name of God and humanity, for liberty, equality and happiness, then that island would be the New America, and if it were but a handful of huts, it would still be the greatest place in the world, and would eventually draw all the world unto it.

That I believe, and that I think M. Maritain believes, and that we all, when we believe at all, believe. And thus we can say to M. Maritain: "Fellow Citizen."

Pastorale

(From the Spanish of Lope de Vega)

Shepherd who woke me from sleep piping of love,
You whose staff is made of that wood
Whereon your arms are outstretched,
Let your eyes of brooding compassion look on my faith:
I own you my lover and lord,
Proffer the pledge of my word
To follow forever
The flute and the beauteous feet.

Listen, shepherd, dying of love:
For that you are friend of the fallen,
My sin ought not to affright you.
Stay then; hear the tale of my care.

Yet why should I ask you to tarry—
You whose feet, for waiting, are nailed?

SISTER MARY IMMACULATE, C.S.C.

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Father Sidotti in Japan

A dauntless emissary braves the forbidden islands.

By **Max Fischer**

IT WAS on August 29, 1708, when a Japanese peasant on the little island of Yakushima, while chopping wood in the forest, suddenly heard a human voice. When he turned round, he discovered a man with a sword, the sign of Japanese knighthood. Unfortunately the stranger's words were completely unintelligible to the peasant; only from his gestures was it to be understood that he was thirsty.

The peasant looked suspiciously at the stranger. He was so different from other people. Could he be one of those white devils from the far countries of the West who for nearly a century had been forbidden to set foot upon the Japanese Isles? There was only one exception from the rule: the Dutch were allowed to come to Nagasaki, the commercial city on the island of Kyushu, in order to exchange merchandise.

But to those blond, blue-eyed people, the peasant saw at first glance that this strange man did not bear the least resemblance. His costume and the way he wore his hair were Japanese, and the hair was as black as his eyes. Could one suppose in spite of his unintelligible gibberish that this odd man had originated from the holy sun-seed of the Japanese race?

In any case the amazed Japanese peasant took the man to his home, gave him to drink and to eat and a place to sleep. Though they could make themselves understood only by way of gestures, the good peasant took a liking to the stranger with the courteous manners and good-natured appearance.

By and by the mystery of the unknown foreigner became noised abroad, not only on Yakushima island, where old and young came to gaze. His presence on Yakushima was reported to the state court at Nagasaki, then the authority competent for all matters pertaining to foreigners in Japan. Nagasaki advised the Yakushima authorities to send them the strange man.

The peasant's guest did not want to go there, explained to the local authorities again and again that he wished to be sent to the Japanese capital, Yedo—today's Tokyo—and nowhere else. But though he repeated stubbornly and perseveringly "to Yedo, not to Nagasaki," they did not take orders from him and put him on a boat which during a terrible winter storm took the unknown passenger to Nagasaki. Here he was delivered into prison.

The authorities of Nagasaki found the man's gibberish as unintelligible as did the peasants of Yakushima. They therefore asked some Dutchmen to talk with the mysterious fellow. But the merchants from Holland swore by heaven and earth that the stranger did not speak Dutch or any language related to Dutch. One of them suggested the words stammered by the foreigner really seemed to be Japanese, only some kind of "old Japanese," anyway very different from the colloquial language spoken in Nagasaki.

Now it was the turn of the Japanese to try again. At last the stranger desperately pointed to a booklet in which words were written down in Latin characters and on the cover of which appeared the title "Dictionarius." This, evidently, was a hint. At last they found a Dutchman who knew a little Latin and who could make himself understood to the prisoner.

To him the stranger revealed himself as Giovanni Battista Sidotti, priest from the Eternal City, 41 years old. Six years ago the Pope had given him orders to gather all information attainable about present conditions in Japan, to learn the Japanese language, and then to travel to those islands which for 70 years had been categorically closed to Christianity.

Sidotti was supposed to do his best to convince the Japanese to listen once more to Christ's teachings and to stop the suppression of His religion. During his stay on the Philippine island of Luzon, where even in those days many Japanese lived, Sidotti had provided himself with Japanese clothes and also adapted his *coiffure* to that of the Japanese, as he did not wish to arouse antagonism by looking foreign.

For nearly a year Sidotti had to stay in Nagasaki. The authorities drew up long protocols, but could not make up their mind to judge the lonely invader. Finally they decided to fulfill Sidotti's monotonously repeated desire to go to Yedo. Sidotti longed to reach Japan's capital because he expected to find there better opportunity to reach and to convince the Japanese government.

In Yedo Sidotti was thrown into the old Christian prison, which had seen the martyrdom of many hundreds of priests and laymen. There

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Sidotti cut a cross of red paper and fastened it on the west wall of his cell. "When he looked at it," so it seemed to Japanese observers, "he read Sutra—just as the Buddhist priests do." What they saw, of course, was his saying Mass and the Office.

From 1640 until the arrival of Father Sidotti, as far as we know only twice had missionaries attempted to land in Japan—both times to suffer torture and execution. Thus exceptionally courageous faith was needed to try as a powerless individual to face the Japanese authorities and to ask this unhospitable empire for a change in the treatment of Christians.

Father Sidotti had good luck. Arai Hakuseki was nominated judge of his case. Hakuseki was one of the most learned Japanese of his time, a writer of distinction with a mentality something like that of the French encyclopedists who lived a generation after him. Now imagine Diderot as judge in a case in which he was able to question a Japanese Shinto priest and to secure from him fresh information on the life and philosophy of the Far East. If you are able to see how Diderot would have displayed much more than legal interest in his defendant's narratives of the odd world he came from, you know how Hakuseki acted.

Hakuseki put down the whole of his findings in three volumes bearing the title "Seiyokubun," or "Knowledge of the West," which were finished in 1715. The first volume essentially reproduces Sidotti's oral testimony, the second attempts a picture of political conditions of Europe, the third gives a critical analysis of the Christian world outlook. Like a modern historian Hakuseki weighs the contradictions of Sidotti against the information received from Dutch sources. Hakuseki, for instance, wonders why Sidotti called the ruler of Germany "Imperator," while the Dutch authorities called him "Caesar."

The account of Hakuseki (which we take from the digest in German by Seizo Kimase, published in 1941) shows the honest endeavor of a versatile intellectual to gain a realistic picture of Occidental civilization. In spite of many a misunderstanding an account was given which honors not only the literary capacities of Hakuseki but also Sidotti as the highly intelligent source of his information.

When Hakuseki or the interpreter did not pronounce his Latin words rightly, the priest repeated them with indefatigable patience, so that most of them are correctly recorded in the "Knowledge of the West." It is not unlikely that the partners of his conversations troubled themselves to correct Father Sidotti's poor Japanese phonetics, so that in his latter days even uneducated Japanese found it easy to have conversation with him. The Italian priest gave willingly any information requested, even if not at all connected with the problems of his trial. He was impressed by the sagacity of the questioner and was convinced that a man of Hakuseki's intelligence would have filled a leading position in Europe.

To Hakuseki's question, why had he come to a country so small and out of the way as is Japan, the missionary answered that a country's value cannot be measured by its geographical size. Rome was tiny, as had been Attica—nevertheless they were centers of human civilization, while Turkey and Tartary were big empires where men lived like animals.

Thus the time passed pleasantly, but without any practical results for Sidotti's hope that the human interest of his judge would help him to impress upon the Japanese government a more friendly attitude toward Christians. Did the Judge know that in China also the teachings of Christ once had been forbidden, but that then, through an Imperial decree, the country had again been opened to the apostolate? Would such a change of mind be impossible in the Mikado's land? In Siam, eighteen years ago, through "Dutch calumnies" all Catholic activities had been forbidden, but fortunately permitted again after due deliberation. Why could not Japan go the same way?

Such arguments did not impress Hakuseki. He even gave Sidotti a hint that the wisest thing he could do was to return home to see again his dear old mother and preach to people more in need of pastoral guidance than the Japanese. The priest was terrified. If they sent him home without having fulfilled his task, it would be a personal disgrace.

Hakuseki, whose mind was otherwise so flexible, was helpless before the religious explanations of Sidotti. Western science, he argues disdainfully, must be highly materialistic, as it sees in the created world only form and matter and nothing metaphysical. He thinks that the pantheistic outlook of the Japanese is much brighter. He thinks it just absurd to believe in one world creator. Such an idea is only understandable if one imagines that the world is finite and untranscendent. Always the theistic starting-point of Christian philosophy bothers him anew. Why must God be born out of Himself, not out of the cosmos? The difference between God and world, Creator and creation is a real vexation to him. For Shinto the Sun is the Goddess, he does not understand a creator outside of the world.

The doctrine of the fall of man, the deluge and the incarnation appeared particularly absurd to him. On the other hand the doctrines of paradise and hell, the miracles of Jesus, the liturgy, the rosary, the reading of the breviary, the consecration of the priest, which are the target of much Western anti-religious propaganda, did not disturb Hakuseki—for him, all these are only well-

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known "Buddhist traits" of Christianity, and as Buddhism is a legitimate Japanese religion, not in contradiction to Shinto, the Judge did not mind. He supposed that Buddhism traveled from Western India to Palestine and was there transformed —an untenable notion which, however, has been propagated by Occidental enlighteners as well.

Considering the geographical distance of Japan from Rome and the alleged relationship between Buddhism and Christianity, Hakuseki laughed at the Dutch assertion that the Pope meant to rob Japan. He suspected the calumnies of heretics, and he saw no reason to favor them. If he had to choose between Father Sidotti and the Dutch merchants, he was all for the Catholic priest. But that was not the problem he had to solve. His problem was whether the Italian priest had offended against Japanese law. Hakuseki was sure he had done so, and the Japanese law was right and should not be changed. To assume an invisible ruler beside the visible ruler and believe the invisible one superior was dangerous to the authority of the Japanese Emperor and the Japanese social order, which for the Judge were the highest values. Christian dualism, Hakuseki claimed, would have a negative effect on the Japanese family and the state. On account of this "destructive tendency" Hakuseki approved the government's suppression of Christian influences.

Thus a return to Europe was indeed the best solution that Hakuseki was able to propose to Father Sidotti. It was against the law to let Sidotti stay in Japan. His forced return would impress the Pope, and attempts by Christian propagandists would stop. The Western world would learn that Japan wanted only to continue her splendid isolation.

To the Court of Justice, it seems, Hakuseki's proposal was too lenient. They had spent money in feeding the priest; should they not enjoy the spectacle of some refined cruelty or a spectacular execution?

Strange things began to happen. An old Japanese couple appeared suddenly in Sidotti's prison. Unfortunately he was now able to understand colloquial Japanese and to make himself understood. His fellow prisoners claimed to have served a Christian who had been disguised as a Buddhist. Through him they claimed to have been well acquainted with Christian doctrine, which impressed them highly. But what touched them still more was Sidotti's faith and courage. Would the Reverend Father mind baptizing them?

Father Sidotti was only too happy to have at least some success in Japan, and saw this as the glorious start of a new epoch of missions in Japanese history.

These Christian neophytes must have been *agents provocateurs* of the prosecution. Hakuseki would not countenance any other punishment for Sidotti than deportation, arguing that Japan had to honor the honesty and bravery of this priest. Now his honesty could be doubted by the Japanese; he had started with forbidden conversions, with active propaganda. The missionary's imprisonment became more severe; the proceedings took a threatening term. But the brave man was saved from further earthly suffering through a sickness which proved fatal on October 21, 1718.

Let us add a tragi-comic touch to this pathetic story by revealing that Father Sidotti was haunted —two and a quarter centuries ago—by the idea that the Japanese might perhaps try one day to conquer Australia, and that therefore he must not betray this continent's geographical situation. Good-natured Hakuseki laughed at this silly Western idea of conquering thinly populated countries. According to him, Japan needed no expansion. She was perfectly happy in her seclusion from the outer world. In vain, he claimed, would an adventurer ask for a single soldier to follow him in such a fantastic enterprise.

Though Hakuseki had no sympathy for the priest's Christian philosophy, he praised Sidotti highly both as a scholar and as a human character. He learned from him much about geography and astronomy, he admired his accuracy in measuring the time according to the position of the sun, he was enthusiastic about his cartographical knowledge.

Hakuseki's Japanese sense of family was deeply touched when he heard of Sidotti's little old mother, somewhere in Italy, without any news from her beloved son. He wondered that Sidotti was not eager to return to her and instead suffered by stubbornly sticking to his hopeless mission. But in the bottom of his heart he admired as "Japanese virtues" Sidotti's lonely firmness, his personal integrity and his devotion to his superiors. He was impressed by the "silent heroism" of this brave Catholic priest.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

RARELY, if ever, has a concrete fact been elevated to symbolical significance more aptly than by Mr. Sterns Cunningham, in his review of "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines," by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo (New York: Doubleday, Doran. $3.00), in the January number of the Newsletter of the Catholic Book Club, which is distributing Colonel Romulo's thrilling and tragic story as its January choice. On a shelf in the office of the Catholic Book Club, Mr. Cunningham tells us, "stands a group of volumes addressed to such far-off places as Mindanao, Ilocus Sur, Manila. They are books sent hopefully in November and early December, 1941, to our members in

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the Philippine Islands. Their presence, marked 'Service Suspended,' is due to the solicitude of the Postal authorities who carefully returned these undeliverable packages. Hence, daily, we are reminded that many of our members are under the domination of a pagan government. How this happened is the story Colonel Romulo tells."

Mr. Cunningham's highly developed artistic sense quite properly contents itself with instilling a potent idea in our minds, without attempting to develop its many aspects. And how it unfolds as it is considered! One seems to be in touch with those far-distant book lovers in the Philippines for whom the volumes forlornly returned by our conscientious Postal authorities were intended. Only a few months ago, they were awaiting the next parcel from New York which was to bring them another novel, or biography, or book of essays, or whatever the Book Club had selected as being the most notable literary work of the month, considered from the Catholic position. Perhaps, for some of them, each such book was chiefly a solace in exile.

Probably for many others, and certainly for the native Filipinos among them, each new book was welcomed first of all as a mental and spiritual reinforcement of their own rich and developing national culture. It seems quite certain, too, that for all except a very small minority of exceptionally well-informed individuals, they were almost unconscious of the imminence of the vast catastrophe that was to descend upon them so soon. And now they are swallowed up, fate unknown and only to be fearfully surmised, in the same poisonous cloud of conquest and captivity in which all over the world, now, so many other nations and peoples have been engulfed. Engulfed by paganism—original, primitive paganism, as in the case of the Japanese conquest of the Philippines; or by the neo-paganism, even more powerful, and certainly even more poisonous, as in Europe.

Colonel Romulo, as his highly important book makes abundantly clear, though not didactically, was decidedly one of the small group in the Philippines who was aware of the danger from Japan. As publisher and chief editor of a chain of important papers, as intimate associate and co-worker for Philippine nationalism with President Quezon, and as trusted and tested in the work of cooperation with our American government by General MacArthur and others of the higher command, his position was exceptionally favorable. Yet even he, as his story so tragically reveals, along with all others there, as at home, was only partially aware of the full extent of the peril, and of the depth and range of the preparations for conquest by Japanese power. It is most unfortunate, and seems unnecessary as well, for the black ink of the Army censor to blot out of his story so many of the paragraphs and sentences of his report of what he observed in his travels in Asia and the Pacific islands of the Dutch and British and French empires, of the extent to which native resentment of European imperialism had permitted the Japanese Fifth Column to prepare the swift conquests of the Japanese armies and navies. Yet the censorship merely irritates, it does not really greatly handicap, the readers of this most valuable record. For the whole story is a revelation of the chief reasons why the Christian Catholic population of the Philippines, and even the remaining pagan tribes of that vast region, regarded the American flag, and what it represents of liberty and personal dignity, as a symbol of what they fought for, when the Japanese hordes invaded their homeland, equal in value to their own national flag, or their tribal instincts and traditions. While elsewhere only those natives actually mustered as soldiers or police acted, but not the masses of the population, who either remained passive or else actively aided the Japanese.

The actual story told by Colonel Romulo, quite apart from the fundamental values of his narrative as a truly historic document, stands among the very highest of all war narratives for its thrilling and terrible interest. It is to be expected, as well as hoped, that this particular Book Club selection will quickly achieve and hold a place among the most indispensable books relating to the war—and to the future after the war.

Communications

CATHOLICS AND NOVELS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In THE COMMONWEAL for January 8 I noted an interesting article by Mrs. Sheed on Catholic books. However, she mentioned that "The Abbey of Evolaine" was one of our selections. This was not so although we reviewed it in one of our Newsletters. Please print the correction so as to avoid any possible confusion.

STERNS CUNNINGHAM,
Secretary,
The Catholic Book Club, Inc.

FRENCH CANADA

Middletown, Conn.

TO the Editors: Although I have not the least doubt that Mr. Le Doux wrote with perfect sincerity, I read his article on French Canada with amazement (January 8). And I think I am in a position to form some judgment on the question. Although my forebears were to a large extent American (revolutionary, *not* Tory), I was born and brought up in Ontario, and took my bachelor's degree at the University of Toronto. I specialized in history, and was fortunate enough to win a traveling scholarship for the study of history in this country. Since that time the teaching and writing of history has been my job. As a resident and citizen of the United States for most of my adult life, I think I have been able to look at Canadian history with a certain amount of detachment; but at the same time, frequent visits to Canadian relatives have permitted me to keep fairly well in touch with what has been going on. Two of the relatives to whom I refer were for a long time in the Parliament at Ottawa. I see no particular use in arguing any of Mr. Le Doux's specific points; but I should like to say that what knowledge I have of Canadian history, and what experience of the feelings of "British" Canadians, contradict nearly all of Mr. Le Doux's most important conclusions.

H. C. F. BELL.

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The Stage & Screen

Nine Girls

"NINE GIRLS" is a melodrama written by Wilfred H. Pettit and produced by Al Woods. It is unpleasant in theme and full of obnoxious language. Set in a California sorority clubhouse, the action develops two murders and a further murder twice attempted by a young undergraduate madly searching for security in the form of a rich and eligible marriage. Characteristically the author makes his big point at the end of the play by having it develop that unknown to the killer this very security, threatened loss of which had alone motivated the crimes, had definitely been made possible for her just before the first crime was committed. Thus the crimes were made obscene as well as otherwise horrible. Adele Longmire played the part of the murderess. With unfeeling accuracy of judgment a section of the audience booed at the final curtain. Barbara Bel Geddes and K. T. Stevens were also in the cast, the former giving some sense of ordinary decency to the play—a reason no doubt sufficiently explaining the fact that she was cast as the victim of the second murder. After a short stay at the Longacre it closed.

Dark Eyes

IN "DARK EYES," Jed Harris has produced a fantastic comedy which twists and turns ever so lightly like improvised dancing to help you through an amusing evening. Written by Elena Miramova in collaboration with Eugenie Leontovich, both of whom play it as well, it is a nonsensically funny story of three Russian actresses flat broke who spend a weekend in a civilized American household. Impulsive, generous, earthy, sad, gay, they turn everything topsy turvey. Vodka becomes the household drink, a Georgian Prince (Geza Korvin), latterly of Stork Club nobility, is seized with Russian frenzy for an active share in the war, while the middle-aged head of the household feels stirrings of love for Tonia (Elena Miramova) during an exceedingly comical courtship. The three ladies themselves fall out and in with one another with mercurial unpredictableness. Altogether, grown-ups may look to this comedy for a pleasant and somewhat dizzy evening. Settings are by Stewart Chaney. *(At the Belasco.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Good Week

I WOULDN'T dream of spoiling the new Hitchcock film for you by telling you too much about it. If you go to see it—see it from the beginning. Director Alfred Hitchcock builds up such suspense that you are beside yourself with anticipation by the time your doubts are confirmed and things suddenly begin to happen. Hitchcock has long been the master at producing shock by contrasting understatement and violence. In *"Shadow of a Doubt"* he prolongs the understatement and drops well-planted clues until you are so tensely keyed up that

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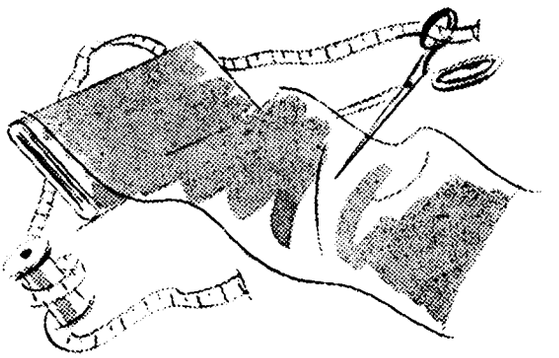

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Altman men's furnishings, main floor

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the violence when it comes, although violent enough, is somewhat of a letdown. Mr. Hitchcock gives us scene after scene of the Newton family. They are normal; they're in a rut. Mama (Patricia Collinge) is sort of dilly, neglectful and worn-out. Papa (Henry Travers) works at the bank, turns to mystery stories in the evening. There are a couple of youngsters: a typical little boy and a normal little girl (Edna May Wonnacott) who talks too much, knows too much and shows off too much. The older daughter (Teresa Wright) is lovely and restless and bored; and she longs for Uncle Charlie who would certainly keep the family from going to pieces from *ennui*. Sure enough, Mrs. Newton's much-loved brother turns up at the Newton house in Santa Rosa, California. With presents for everybody, with $40,000 to deposit in the bank, with his reminiscences and his cheerful disposition, Uncle Charlie (Joseph Cotton) shakes the family out of its lethargy. The rest of the film shows you how he does more than that. Producer Jack Skirball has given his film fine settings and an excellent cast who are superbly directed by Hitchcock. Joseph Valentine's splendid photography deserves much of the credit for the intimate feeling we get of the Newtons, their house, and their town. In the script of "Shadow of a Doubt," Hitchcock has material that is worthy of his best efforts. Thornton Wilder, Sally Benson and Alma Reville wrote this screenplay from an original story by Gordon McDonell. Occasionally you feel that you can trace which lines were contributed by which writer; then you realize you can't; the whole is a perfect blending of a group of writers. The film uses many devices that seem quite matter of fact, but are well-laid plans. That the Newtons should be interviewed as an average family seems most natural. That Jack Graham (MacDonald Carey) and the older Newton girl should timidly declare their love in the garage seems an accidental, though quite moving sequence. (The love story is not primary, but what there is is simply and sweetly told.) The picture is full of touches, little incidents that reveal much but seem unimportant until the whole fits together. With films like "Shadow of a Doubt," you can appreciate cinema as an art.

John Farrow, who last year directed "Wake Island," the film that sang so eloquently the praises of our heroic Marines, now celebrates the work of Norwegian and English Commandos in their thrusts against nazi invaders. *"Commandos Strike at Dawn"* is almost a documentary film in its first half. Irwin Shaw's quiet, well-written script (based on a story by C. S. Forester) and Farrow's smoothly directed cast tell a simple story of the folk in a Norwegian village in 1939. Their English visitors join them at wedding festivities. Eric Toreson (Paul Muni) falls in love with the daughter (Anna Lee) of the English admiral (Cedric Hardwicke). The wholesome, unaffected villagers, and especially Eric, are sorry to see the English leave. But in 1940 comes war and greater sorrow. The Germans take over Norway practically without resistance. "We are driving the English invaders from your soil. We are your brothers," says the nazis. But the Norwegians know different. The quiet, peace-loving villagers hold secret meetings. They realize they made a mistake; now they must kill or be killed. "Nobody is going to win this war for anyone else. We'll get only what we earn." Then starts the sabotage, the rebellion against the Germans. Many of the Norwegians suffer; many are killed. But the underground movement against the nazis continues. In the film's most exciting scene Eric and a group of his fellow villagers escape to England; they escape in spite of the informer, the Quisling who is too eager to work with the nazis. Eric guides the Commandos back to his village where the nazis have an airdrome. Farrow does not overburden the film with romance, and he does not depend only on script but uses cinema advantageously. The raid sequences are a little too carefully staged and Hollywood to be plausible. Although the acting is at times precious, it is on the whole good throughout the film. Any movie that brings Lillian Gish back to the screen after so many years is an occasion for rejoicing; her rôle is small, but she plays it effectively. "Commandos Strike at Dawn" is to be congratulated mainly for its strong message of hope. The Norwegians, though down, are by no means vanquished. The people will not submit. The final shot shows some of the survivors going to England, promising to return some day.

Every now and then the movies fool us with their intelligent handling of a difficult subject. *"Tennessee Johnson"* is one of those movies. Not because it tells the complete and accurate story of Andrew Johnson, the president who followed Lincoln and whose idealism brought him to the cruel impeachment trial led by revengeful Thaddeus Stevens, but because it tells that story in a sincere visualization of American democracy. Occasionally the film is too slick, as in the opening episodes which cater to conventional movie tastes with trumped-up excitement, some stock hill-billy characters, Ruth Hussey's costumes and too carefully-painted pretty face and too set hair. But once the scene moves from rural Tennessee to Washington, the film takes on an emotional quality and a true democratic

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spirit that never falter. The effectiveness of the latter part of the film is due to William Dieterle's straightforward and moving direction, and to Van Heflin's excellent acting in the leading rôle. Heflin makes no attempt to glamourize Johnson. He portrays him as an intensely sincere, highly idealistic leader *and man*. From his struggles in Tennessee to get the vote for common, non-property-owning men, to his stand in the Senate as a Jacksonian Democrat who refuses to vote for secession, to his hopeless fight for a fair reconstruction with pardon for all the rebels, to his trial for impeachment, Heflin's Johnson is always a symbol of a poet inspired by the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, as well as a man weighted by human frailties. The film does not gloss over Johnson's bad temper or drinking habits. Particularly effective in the film's good cast are: Lionel Barrymore who shows admirable restraint as the villain of the piece, Thaddeus Stevens who hated both Lincoln and Johnson and wanted to treat the South as a conquered nation; Charles Dingle as Stevens's tool who would assume the presidency on Johnson's impeachment; Montague Love as Chief Justice Chase who presided at the trial; Morris Ankrum who delivers Jefferson Davis's impressive speech as Mississippi withdraws from the United States. J. Walter Ruben's fine production has many exceedingly moving scenes in the Senate. The impeachment trial will grip all serious Americans for its eloquence. John L. Balderston and Wells Root deserve credit for their inspired script.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Chilean Popular Front

By CLARENCE FINLAYSON

A RECENT book* has greatly attracted me, especially considering the fact that the author is a North American. It deals with Chilean politics of the last few years and is primarily an analysis of the Popular Front which came to power in 1938. If there is any country whose political situation is complex it is Chile, my country.

At first Mr. Stevenson deals briefly with the historical antecedents. In the nineteenth century Chile was governed by an aristocracy of Basque stock who had complete control and governed the country as if it were one large *hacienda*. The whole economic and social structure of the nation revolved around a series of large *haciendas* derived from the *encomiendas* of earlier days. Although there is now gradual parceling out of the land, sixty percent of it is today in the hands of some five hundred and eighty families. Don Arturo Alessandri, who came to power in 1920, was Chile's first non-aristocratic president, and Mr. Stevenson has a real understanding of his personality and his work. One of the most disinterested statesmen in the Americas, Alessandri doubtless had more political influence in Chile than any other figure with the sole exception perhaps of Portales. Endowed with remarkable oratorical powers, he struggled to achieve social reforms and opposed the conservatism of the oligarchy. In 1924 was enacted the basic social legislation which governs us today and makes Chile in this field one of the most progressive countries in the world. In 1925 Alessandri revised the Political Constitution to allow a semi-parliamentary régime and free the president's authority from the direct influence of political parties, which as in France were continually changing governments. This Constitution in establishing a presidential régime is much like that of the United States, and in fact, as André Siegfried has noted, presidency is an essentially American creation.

In 1933 Don Alessandri returned to power after a period marked by *coups d'état*. His principal aim, as Mr. Stevenson so rightly remarks, was to build on the solid foundations of the 1925 Constitution. He turned a deaf ear to political parties, particularly the radicals who sought to effect the resignation of several ministers. Alessandri moved more and more toward the Right, and one of the basic causes of his unpopularity was keeping Gustavo Ross as Minister of Finance, when, as Chilean bondholders in this country well remember, his methods of building up Treasury funds were none too ethical. Don Alessandri frequently resorted to such harsh measures against his political enemies of the Left as prison, exile, etc. In 1936 the deputy, Justiniano Soto Mayor, proposed the formation of a popular front to fight for the country's imperiled liberties. In Chile, and especially in Santiago, it was felt that Alessandri was becoming a dictator little by little and was restoring the power of the ancient oligarchy. (Mr. Stevenson states that on the eighth of February of that year Don Alessandri had dissolved Parliament, but that is false and is one of the few errors in his book.) The Communist Party had a large part in the formation of this Popular Front, despite all statements to the contrary. Thus formed, the Popular Front, hoping for the triumph of the Popular Front in Spain, little by little broadened its political base and came to include all the parties of the Left.

There are many good things in its program. Nevertheless, the fact that it includes such extreme parties explains why the Popular Front political theories contain so much materialistic and anti-religious doctrine, which is opposed to the liberty of a true democracy. The weight and influence of Marxist ideas is apparent, but the socio-economic program was moderate; it met many of Chile's real needs.

When in the 1938 elections Don Pedro Aguirre defeated Don Gustavo Ross Santa Maria, the worst candidate which the Right could have chosen, the Popular Front triumphed. Ross was openly unsympathetic with the people and thought, with Olympian disdain, that he could buy the Republic just as if he were buying an *hacienda*. It was my distinguished friend, Don Ismael Edwards Matte, who popularized the phrase, "The Republic Is Not for Sale." The Falange National, a political group which is quite different from the Spanish Falange and is Catholic and comprised of idealistic young men, spoke for freedom of action in this election, since the situation was so complicated.

The final result was Aguirre 222,700 votes and Ross 218,609. Since it would not be sold, the country had given proof of its democratic sentiments even to a heroic

** The Chilean Popular Front. John Reese Stevenson. Pennsylvania. $1.50.*

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degree. An important factor in this determination was the work of Pablo Neruda, who as President of the Chilean Cultural Union had little posters condemning the sale of one's vote pasted up on walls and posted in the streets. The Right recognized the victory of the Popular Front and with a democratic spirit that did it credit, gave over its power. The elections were free and led to one more achievement on the part of Alessandri. He resigned his power with a valor that did him honor. Fully conscious of the opposition to him, he convened Congress and in the face of hostile manifestations of a large number, he handed over the presidential insignia to Aguirre Cerda. (No Chilean has ceased to admire Don Alessandri even though he is often mistrusted.) His politics and his actions have often failed to be entirely open.

If he had not handed over the presidency, a revolution would have broken out. I remember the threat of Gonzales Videla that even if the people had no arms they could count on the carabineros and the Chilean Army to defend the Constitution.

The Popular Front in its internal structure kept its disparate elements: the complex and heterogeneous composition of its political parties—from radical conservatives to the Communist Party, which sought to realize social reforms by revolutionary methods. Happily these reforms, which had only to follow along the lines of Alessandri in his first administration, began to take place gradually by evolution. The Popular Front did not extend nor did it dare to extend reforms such as those which protected the industrial workers, to the peasantry. The large *hacienda* system has continued down to the present without much change, the rural laborers securing only the smallest wage increases and no improvement in the way of schooling. The obstructionist tactics of the Right in Congress, which it has dominated since 1941, have been very effective. The Popular Front dissolved on January 16, 1941, for a number of reasons:

(1) Doctrinal differences among the parties.
(2) Conflicts of interest.
(3) The Communist Party refused to form part of the Government in order to avoid responsibility and to be able to criticize freely. In that comfortable position it gained ground among the workers.
(4) The fall of the Popular Front in France and Spain and the stunning, Machiavellian Russo-German Pact contributed to the disintegration of the Chilean Popular Front.

The most important work accomplished by the Popular Front was in the industrial terrain with the creation of the Development Corporation, whose objects are: (1) raising the low standard of living; (2) improving the balance of trade; (3) stepping up industrial production; (4) developing natural resources; (5) coordinating industries; (6) attracting Chilean capital to industries rather than the land; (7) turning the Chilean youth to produce live enterprises; (8) broadening the industrial base in accordance with the public health needs of the country. This corporation, as Mr. Stevenson notes, functions in the same manner as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the United States.

In matters of health and social security, the Popular Front developed the main outlines which Alessandri had set up. For during the administration of Alessandri the Minister of Health was that dynamic and intelligent conservative Dr. Eduardo Cruz Coke, a man full of idealism and good will, the author of preventive medicine legislation which is noteworthy for its advanced ideas.

Mr. Stevenson's book gives us an excellent picture of the Popular Front in Chile and the period which followed with Juan Antonio Rios. Nevertheless, it must be said that Mr. Stevenson is not always just in evaluating the work of the Church in Chile, a work which in the past few years especially has been more and more spiritual and detached from active politics. The present Archbishop of Santiago, Juan Maria Caro, is a man of remarkable vision and of deep feeling for the social aspects of Christianity—more so than ever before in Chilean history. I congratulate Mr. Stevenson on his book, which on the whole manifests remarkable powers of observation and interpretation.

Editors' Choice

LAST WEEK we initiated this new book review department, written entirely by the editorial staff. The reviews will not be signed. Our object is to present each week to our readers books—mostly current—which for one reason or another seem to us to deserve special notice or special comment. The fact that they are included in this column does not necessarily mean an endorsement—sometimes quite the contrary. But it does mean an effort to single out interesting and/or important volumes for their information, artistry or ideas, or which may serve as springboards for our own thoughts.

Péguy

CHARLES PÉGUY is a presence. His work is not something from another epoch, which you know or do not know, by which you are influenced or are not influenced. He is not someone you read about because he is in the past and interesting in the past, nor is he someone whom survivors have carried with them out of the past. His work is not something in a textbook which you read simply because at a given moment in French history it marked a revolt against a certain academic sociology, a certain clerical complacency and a certain bourgeois world, or because it is in the background of what is called the French Catholic revival. Charles Péguy is not present among us because great poetry is timeless. He is present among us because every problem he faced is a problem we face. He fought for justice in the Dreyfus case and that was in France, yesterday, but today not only in France but throughout the world men must take sides and decide whether or not they want justice for the Jews. No matter what it costs. No matter whether they are attracted to the magnificence of Jewish history or not, no matter whether they are Christian enough to know what Christians owe to Jews and that Christians are inseparable from Jews. Ignorant or not, men must decide about justice and the Jews. That is one of our problems: it was a problem of Péguy's. He was a socialist—all alone, with a party all his own, with a few devoted friends, with an immense and active and Christian charity—and then he became a Catholic, and that is simply a way of saying that he was a Catholic faced with the problem of finding a human, a political mechanism for bringing justice into

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the life of the community. In our confusion and distress that is a problem we have with us now. It was Péguy's problem; it is our problem. "Unfortunately," Péguy wrote, "it is not enough to be a Catholic. One must still work in the temporal if one wishes to tear the future from temporal tyrannies." Péguy fought for justice in the city of man. He stood against all the systems which oppress man, he fought against all political, financial and industrial monopolies, he denounced all acts of injustice between nations, he wrote magnificent poetry in which the common man, the peasant, the worker, is intimately in the presence of the saints and of God, is in intimate conversation with the saints and with God, has a close and intimate trust in the saints and in God. And then, because he loved simple things and simple men and did not feel himself to be superior or exceptional or excepted, and because he felt himself indebted to his country and part of his country which like a ship had carried so much of what he loved, and his faith and his tradition, through the storms of the past, he went out with his compatriots, with the other workers and peasants, against the invader and thus was killed in combat in the early days of September, 1914. Had he lived he now would be a little older than Maritain. And that too brings him present among us.

There is no division of life by decades. A writer does not die because he is killed. A writer dies when the temporal matter on which he worked ceases to have a meaning for us. That is, of course, when a writer is concerned with the temporal, with his times: when he is concerned with the intemporal, his life is determined by his genius. Péguy was very much concerned with the temporal, with the establishing of a just order of life among men. Péguy is a contemporary. His fame and his influence are not posthumous. He is a contemporary thinker, a contemporary poet. He was present physically at one time and not at another; he was killed in the last war and not in this war. But that means only that he was killed at one stage of a civil war and not at another. He died near Senlis in 1914 and not in a concentration camp in 1942. But it is all the same: he was always on the same side in the civil war—on the side of the poor, on the side of freedom. So that all that he said while he was living—from 1873 to 1914, during a certain arbitrary division of time—is not contained in that period but is effective, as effective as ever it was, throughout the years, throughout the measurable time, throughout the time which we will be able to measure later, which will surround and contain a major crisis in our civilization. It is not a question of saying that the eternal truths are eternally valid, constantly present. It is simply saying that sometimes these truths are implemented in conditions very unlike the conditions in which we are living, but that in the case of Péguy, the Dreyfus affair is a contemporary problem, that all the quarrels about socialism and science and finance in which Péguy was involved are contemporary quarrels, that Péguy's meditations on faith, hope and charity concern these virtues as we attempt to keep them alive in a world we know.

There is no separation in time between our days of despair and hope and the days in which Péguy thought and wrote in Paris about his country's distress and hope and man's eternal distress and fragile hopes. And there is no division in space and no separation in nationality between men of all nations, now, in their distress and in the hope they hold to. Péguy's poetry and thought are not removed from us in time, nor have the barriers of language and nationality prevented his work from being available now to us in America. It is an American, who is a great French novelist, Julian Green, and his sister, Ann Green, who have selected and translated passages of Péguy's prose and poetry, and it is Kurt Wolff, a German publisher in exile, who entrusted this task to the Greens. So that now in New York this book is printed—remarkably well printed and very reasonably priced—and Americans whose ancestors have come from every nation and from every race may know what a Frenchman of our times thinks of our times.

In his preface, Julian Green, with greater success than in his recently published memoirs, has recaptured in English the tone which in his French writing established his reputation. He has written a useful and intuitive account of Péguy's life together with a just evalution of his influence and work. He has had the great courage to present the French text along with its translation, and for those who know if only a little French this provides access to the rhythm and richness of the original. Péguy's language is so simple that the experiment is not at all too difficult. The choice of prose extracts is excellent: on basic verities, on the honor of work, on the modern world, on the Jews, on war and peace: some of the noblest passages from the poetic work are here. No one for whom Péguy is still but a name should miss this remarkable volume; no one who has ever loved Péguy in the past, and is now perhaps without his books, but will find here selected themes leading back into a remembered symphony.

The Japanese at Home

NATIONALISM reaches its most extreme and most developed form with the Japanese. No other nation has a stronger sense of superiority, no other a greater contempt for foreigners. Except for a period of about one hundred years ending with the expulsion of Portuguese traders and missioners in the sixteenth century, and a brief spell in the latter nineteenth century, the Japanese have been at odds with the whole world outside.

Their scattered experiences with other nations have tended to strengthen their intense nationalism. For centuries they have been conscious of the contempt for them manifested by the Chinese. After three centuries of absolute isolation (attempted emigration brought the death penalty, while the construction of boats large enough for foreign voyages was forbidden) Japan was forcibly brought back to world relations by the fleet of Commodore Perry in 1854. She was forced to sign a number of humiliating treaties with several nations. The foreigners built for themselves luxurious districts in Japanese cities and did not conceal their contempt for native residents. And when we passed the Japanese Exclusion Act in 1924, their cup of bitterness was full. As with other nationalisms, the Japanese version has been fanned by constant provocations and humiliations from without.

Within the islands themselves every aspect of daily life came to be undertaken primarily to build up military might. Peasants and workers were handled ruthlessly so that they would remain docile. Education was entirely subservient to the State. Girls were sold into virtual slavery in textile mills so that Japan could compete for the open market with better-equipped nations. The revival of Shintoism and the cult of the Emperor in 1868 heightened the transformation of Japanese patriotism into

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a religion. As in Hitler's Germany, nationalism has reached its natural culmination in becoming a religion.

But what are the Japanese really like? There is a hint in Edward York McCauley's just-published diary of the Perry expedition. Here was a young American naval officer who did little to conceal the disdain he felt. Despite such charming descriptions as that of the quarter-size steam train which Perry's men brought and set whizzing around a 380-foot track at 18 miles an hour for the edification of their hosts, and of the fire-fighting equipment of the city of Hakodaté, he is restive there most of the time. The degradation of Japanese women disgusts him; he compares gifts of silk and lacquer unfavorably with what could be produced in New York; he delights in forbidden rambles. He is struck by his hosts' poverty. Once he muses with some satisfaction and in graphic detail on the carnage that would result from the firing of American guns. The Americans were forbidden even to see the Japanese capital, and Midshipman McCauley concludes the Japanese (in 1854) "will allow no intercourse but that which brings them manifest advantages."

There is a more complete and devastating picture in Professor Steiner's book. We know very little about the Japanese, but most Americans have credited them at least with courage and extreme good manners. According to this author even these attributes will not bear scrutiny. In obedience to authority or to a prescribed code the Japanese are capable of remarkable feats of bravery, but when put to the test of an unforeseen calamity such as an earthquake, they become completely demoralized. And while their ceremonial is very pretty, whenever they are bent upon something not covered by it they recall nothing more than an American woman Christmas shopper or the subway mêlées on a rush hour Bronx express.

Yet far more disturbing than Professor Steiner's puncture of our remaining illusions are certain other facts about Japanese life that he adduces at first hand. There is the known and appalling poverty of the great mass of the population coupled with the official attitude that no one—and certainly not the State—is responsible for the citizen's sustenance except his relatives, no matter how desperate his condition. Education is hampered by its limited objectives—the State—and the obstinate holding on to tortuous Japanese script. And proverbial Japanese duplicity comes in for its meed of blame. The use of third parties in marriage and business negotiations is one custom with its amusing aspects.

Of all the characteristics the author finds in Japanese life, none is so disheartening as his observations on the status of women. With the upper crust the wives are often talented and charming, but they do not share their husband's entertainments, which are always provided at tea houses away from home by geishas and other professionals. They must confine themselves to kitchen and nursery supervision; they must put up with heart-rending humiliations—even to the introduction of concubines into the home. The Japanese wife must be faithful to her husband; he may be as promiscuous as he likes.

Most tragic of all is the plight of the girls of poorer families. To sell them into prostitution to rescue family finances is quite the thing to do. And the brothel keeper advances so much money that the girl can never save enough to buy her way out of her life of bondage. She must obey the father who sells her; she must submit to the life into which she is thrown. In slightly better case are the more cultivated geisha girls or professional entertainers, but they are not permitted to resist advances either. Only the girls who are sold to textile factories apparently earn enough to buy their way out in a reasonable time.

Professor Steiner characterizes the whole Japanese outlook toward fellow human beings as an "utter disregard for the rights of others if unable to defend themselves." Probably the largest number of their victims are fellow-Japanese. This outlook explains the Japanese atrocities reported in this war, although the author believes that atrocities are also a calculated means of winning complete submission of the conquered.

In short, Professor Steiner is of the "Three Bamboos" school rather than that of the more gentle "Year of the Wild Boar." He does say that feudalism cannot go on forever and briefly expresses some hope that once the shackles of militarism are overthrown, the people will turn toward a "more liberal way of life." No one who reads this book, even if he does not accept it at face value, can believe that the present Japanese régime will bring good to any land. Who is to liberate the Japanese and those they have conquered? How can the good that is in every people be given a real chance?

Inland Seaport

EVENTS have thrown America back upon herself. The fact is so obvious that to comment upon it seems almost silly. And yet so great a change in our whole way of life deserves constant reiteration that we may understand the consequences with which it threatens our future: we know the fact, we are likely to forget the consequence. For the first time in history US Americans are having their attention focused on Latin America and British North America. Up till now all the attention we had left after we had taken care of our own affairs has been directed East and West—to Europe and to the Orient. Books and articles and university courses on foreign lands have dwelt almost exclusively on Europe, with a bow to China and Japan and India. Ten years ago you could only with difficulty find any institution of learning teaching South American or Canadian history; the books published on such matters in a given season could be numbered almost on the fingers of one hand. Today the presses are crowded with reading matter on the subject, the colleges are pricking up their ears. What will be the ultimate effect? Once the war is over, will the Americas again fall back into the old pattern, with intellectual lifelines all running back to the "motherland," rather than to the geographical neighbor? Will Europe regain her primacy of the mind? It would be safe to hazard the guess that if this is to take place, it will not be for years. Starvation and destruction and hatred are not the best nourishment for great achievements of the spirit, and the only way we can be attracted back to our old love is for that love to entice us by her charms. What sort of charms can be exercised by the stunted and embittered and tired out? Yet perhaps the ordeal of the old continent will also purify her, make her morally better qualified to exercise an even finer and purer and better leadership than in the past. In any case, now is our chance to learn about our neighbors, and whatever happens to the life of the intellect, we can be absolutely sure that for a long time we shall have even closer economic bonds to north and south than we have had in the past.

Of all Canadian cities, Montreal is perhaps the most sympathetic to US citizens. Quebec has more tourist

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charm, is more picturesque, but unless you are initiated into its mysteries, a week's stay is about all you will want. Ottawa also is a place to see once, and leave to its own devices. Toronto remains somehow provincial—another Cleveland or Buffalo. Montreal is really metropolitan, and that is what we like in cities. It has big department stores and night clubs and restaurants and luxury hotels and lots of people. Most of all, it has an atmosphere. Enough of it is old, strange, "foreign" to attract our romantic interest, and yet it is sufficiently endowed with our own accustomed creature comforts and amusements to make us feel at home. Stephen Leacock's history and chatter about the world's most inland great seaport is therefore a welcome and a useful book. It is written with love, and enough broadness of sympathy to make it a good preparation for a visit to "Ville Marie." Mr. Leacock is an English-speaking Canadian, born in the old country; a captious French Canadian might find fault with some of what he says, but such fault-finding would still be captious. Dr. Leacock does swallow Parkman a trifle too whole; his obvious admiration, however, for the noble history of the founding under Maisonneuve (1642) and the heroic achievements of French settlers, priests, explorers, and his urbane appraisal of the French contribution to the building of the great city of today are deserving of all praise. The book is perhaps a little rambling, but our McGill economist knows how to make rambles charming, and we easily forgive him. What is most important of all, he knows that economic life is only one department of human life, and he treats it as such. An immense amount of affection and work has gone into this volume; it deserves well of its readers.

It would be pleasant to be able to say as much of a Canadian historical novel, "Three Came to Ville Marie," by Alan Campbell, which was recently awarded the Governor-General's Annual Literary Award for the best novel of the year by a Canadian. If this is the best, one trembles to think about the quality of those not-so-good! About the only merit to be claimed for the book is a certain fidelity to the Canadian historical setting. The action starts in France, presumably in 1687. Two old friends of the *petite noblesse* fight a duel over a girl, betrothed to the one, desired by the other. In the midst of the scrap, the local boy suddenly feels he cannot take his friend's life and walks out. Disgrace. His young lady throws him over, and after an interview with Mme de Maintenon at Versailles, he decides to start fresh in Canada. The other two get married. Louis XIV takes a shine to the girl, and tries to get her as his mistress. So they are shipped by Maintenon to the same colony, where they arrive in the early sumer of 1689. Meanwhile the "coward" has cleared himself a farm at Lachine, near Montreal. All three meet again. Much Indian fighting. The Lachine massacre (August 5, 1689), in which some 400 French lost their lives or were taken captive by the Iroquois. The coward proves very brave, escapes from his Indian captors thanks to a slave girl who had tried to win his attentions, and had once succeeded—and who, we are left to presume, will bear his child. Hubby, however dies, and so the girl and the true-blue hero are united on the last page. What happens to the noble Indian lass is not recorded, though one cannot help feeling that she deserved her man more than did the conventional French damsel. Strange and wonderful things happen in this book. Distances in France are referred to in "kilometers," which betokens a strange prescience on the part of the author's characters. We are told of a noble settler who digs a hole five feet deep in the midst of the primeval woods in about an hour, flat. There were giants in those days! But the atmosphere is not too bad, and here is a book worth skimming over if the period interests you.

CHARLES PÉGUY. BASIC VERITIES. PROSE AND POETRY. *French-English Edition. English Version by Ann and Julian Green. Pantheon Books. 41 Washington Square, New York.* $2.75.

WITH PERRY IN JAPAN. *The Diary of Edward Yorke McCauley. Princeton.* $2.50.

BEHIND THE JAPANESE MASK. *Jesse F. Steiner. Macmillan.* $2.00.

MONTREAL, SEAPORT AND CITY. *Stephen Leacock. Doubleday.* $3.50.

THREE CAME TO VILLE MARIE. *Alan Sullivan. Coward.* $2.50.

More Books of the Week

Religious Trends in English Poetry. Volume II: Religious Sentimentalism in the Age of Johnson. Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Columbia. $5.00.

IN READING this book I was frequently torn between irritation and admiration. The irritation was that so fine a scholarship as Dr. Fairchild's should have been apparently wasted upon the examination of poets who were for the most part very bad; the admiration was for the scholarship itself and the scholar's graceful literary style. Here, indeed, is a silken purse for the holding of straws. Yet I should add that there are stains on the purse. The author's wit is too often of a sniggering and sneering sort. Several times, too, I was appalled by his heartlessness. Poor Dr. Dodd, the parson who was hanged for forgery in spite of Samuel Johnson's plea, was no doubt a somewhat absurd fellow and not a good poet, even if he was far from being the worst included here. But it was hardly necessary to say of him, "Still full of sensibility, he went to the gallows. In 1767, ten years before this happy event, Dodd published, as 'an humble but affectionate monument' to the memory of his parents, a volume of very bad poems." His bad poems, like nearly all those examined in this study, might have been left buried in oblivion; but the phrase about the "happy event" makes one wish that Dr. Fairchild himself had a little more sensibility. Perhaps one might even say, a little more Christianity.

In his book he attempts to do three things: to sketch in the religious background of his period, to give biographies of all the poets he treats (with emphasis on their social and political affiliations), and to provide an analysis of the poems he considers. The poems, unfortunately, are as a rule so empty and feeble as not to be worth analyzing, yet are seldom so outrageously bad as to be funny. The biographies—which must have taken a great deal of research to write—are useful to those who want to know about bards so obscure. The general account of the various religious currents of eighteenth century England, however, is brilliant. The thesis, as stated in the former volume, is that Protestantism dwindled—and dwindled inevitably—from its former "orthodoxy" to latitudinarianism, then to deism, and when deism in its turn became

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intellectually unfashionable, to sentimentalism. Previously he wrote that "the romanticism of the 1780-1830 period is simply Protestant Christianity in a more or less delightfully phosphorescent state of decay." Under challenge he now modifies this to: "The most characteristic works of the so-called romantic poets represent a further development of the disintegration of seventeenth-century Protestantism into the eighteenth-century religion of sentiment."

Dr. Fairchild notes that there was little genuine religious poetry, or even religious feeling, during this time, despite the fact that a large number of the poets were parsons. Collins, and Dr. Johnson himself, though deeply religious personally, carefully kept religion out of what they wrote.

> And sure th' Eternal Master found
> The single talent well employ'd

—that is about as close to Christianity as the great Christian permitted himself to go in verse. Perhaps only Cowper and Smart were thoroughly Christian in their poetry. On their insanity the author has some wise words to say. Thomas Warton, while he used the imagery of medieval Catholicism, did so only fancifully, without letting himself fail to distinguish in his own mind between his rational belief and the pleasant scaring he gave himself by wandering imaginatively among abbeys. Others, like Akenside (who gets some well-deserved praise), were deists; still others, like Chatterton, were torn between a libertine pose (and a libertine practice) and a genuine religious feeling; others again, of whom the dissolute clergyman Churchill of the notorious Medmenham Abbey was the best, were irreligious satirists. The Methodists—with the exception of the hymn-writers, who are not treated as such—were mostly abominable poets, however excellent they were as Christians. The English people and their bards, taken as a whole, were decidedly "unenthusiastic" on the subject of Christianity. "Such," comments Dr. Fairchild, "is the poetry of the Church of Laodicea."

Though nine-tenths of the poetry quoted is dreadfully dreary, Dr. Fairchild himself writes about it with gusto and is always interesting and often amusing. I marvel at the hardihood that could patiently plod through such miles of morass; still more do I marvel that he has managed to enliven the dismal journey for us. But better things lie ahead for him and his readers: the "phosphorescent decay" of Protestantism during the Romantic Age should be a fascinating subject; and though most religious poets are dull (as are most poets who are not religious), the nineteenth century eventually brought forth a crop who were at once deeply spiritual and richly inspired. In these Dr. Fairchild should have a theme worthy of his fine critical gifts. Let nobody be deterred from reading this volume because of my opening remarks: most of the poetry quoted can be skipped without loss; the exposition cannot be so skipped. It is immensely readable and informative, being at once a work of reference for the literary student and the theologian, and one that will entertain and enlighten the general reader. THEODORE MAYNARD.

The A B C of Inflation. Edwin Walter Kemmerer. Whittlesey. $1.75.

IN WAR TIME we hunger for news of action, of bombardments, sinkings, victories. Academic subjects, never too exciting anyway, decrease in appeal. This is especially true of theoretical economics. What could be more boring for the general public than a book on inflation? Everything is booming and the weather's fine. Who cares about the mutterings of economists—unless the economists happen to be advising the Administration. When such is the case, politics can find a way to nullify attempts to control prices and wages and to get rid of Leon Hendersons.

Because there must unfortunately come a time when not all will be well for making hay, a good many people in the United States, about eighty million of them, ought to know what is in "The A B C of Inflation." This does not mean that they have to read the book, for it is neither an artistic nor popular gem. It is too sketchy and too successful in avoiding the underlying causes of inflation to satisfy the economists, and too much like an economics textbook to satisfy the general public; nor does the frequent use of platitudes such as "Over 2,000 years ago wise old Diogenes said . . ." provide sufficient comic relief. But the topic is extremely important and Mr. Kemmerer, professor of International Finance at Princeton University and life-long student of fiscal policies, is qualified to discuss it.

Let the economists quarrel about Mr. Kemmerer's analysis of the causes of inflation and the supposed dangers of the President's powers over monetary policy. The vital message for Americans is his description of the effect of inflation on debts, interest, foreign trade, wages, social-welfare endowments and government itself. Since serious inflation is the usual accompaniment of every war and post-war readjustment in capitalistic nations, we must be prepared to cooperate with all the stringent checks which will prevent the rapid increases in purchasing power that cannot be met by a corresponding increase of goods. Mr. Kemmerer briefly explains the various devices: taxation in the lower income brackets, a retail sales tax, widespread bond purchases, compulsory savings, rationing of consumer goods, credit restrictions, price fixing, control of wages and farm prices and repeal of what he believes to be inflationary New Deal monetary laws. Declaring that inflation is usually resorted to by nations at war because "it is the line of least political resistance," he calls for "patriotic courage in Washington, to resist the political pressure of selfish class interests, and the strong support by all patriotic citizens of the public men who exhibit such courage." Mr. Henderson will agree. EMERSON HYNES.

Thucydides. John H. Finley, Jr. Harvard. $3.50.

CAN WE learn from history? If we can—and writers of history from Thucydides to Trotsky have believed so—Thucydides is the most important of ancient writers for our times. It is not merely that he stands with Herodotus at the beginning of the art of history and that he has left us in Pericles's Funeral Speech one of the great statements of the Greek genius. He was the first historian of a world in which armed nationalism was at its height when a conflict between two major powers—one authoritarian, one democratic—touched off a world conflict decisive in its effects on the future of civilization.

In the Greek world the democratic side went down. Thucydides believed that it went down because it failed to live up to its own potentialities rather than because of the superior strength of its enemies, and his history is an analysis of the reasons for Athenian defeat. He believed that Athens was stronger than Sparta because its democracy and its expanding economy based upon sea power released greater energies in its citizens than did the static Spartan state. Thucydides tells us himself that he recognized the nature of the struggle from the beginning and devoted himself to its history. He knew the war not only

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as an observer but as an Athenian patriot, soldier and politician. He wrote as a statesman of political experience and insight with an "intense, realistic concern for the political and social causes of events." Greek thought had provided itself by the fifth century with a searching insight into human nature by means of the rationalism of the Sophists, and by means of the Ionian school of medicine with a method of scientific observation. Familiar with both of these, Thucydides believed (precisely as Trotsky did in our own times) that he had discovered the inner logic of the events of his own age and that human nature being constant, conduct was predictable, the same situations would arise again and men could recur with confidence to his analysis of actions and their results.

To the reader of today, Thucydides's world and his work have acquired a special significance, deserving a fresh survey from the point of view of our generation. Mr. Finley has not made the mistake of writing merely a tract for the times, but his study has the greater relevance for its objectivity. The first question raised by Thucydides's great conception of history is the accuracy of its analysis of events. Thirty years ago Cornford, who had just discovered the economic interpretation of history, made a resounding attack upon Thucydides's accuracy in a book called "Thucydides Mythistoricus." Mr. Finley is not the first scholar to answer that attack, but his discussion of Thucydides as an observer of his own age is effective and most interesting.

This is the book of an unusually thoughtful mind and gives the reader not one but a great many occasions to stop and reflect. The chapter on the intellectual background of the "History" gives in a short space a remarkably penetrating commentary on Greek thought. The "History" itself is carefully analyzed with interpretations of its method and its contents; and the questions of how far the "History" is representative of the Athens of which it is written and what are the lasting values of Thucydides's thought are treated solidly but also with breadth of imagination. What others have tried to do recently in a superficial way to relate the experience of the Greek world to the problems of our own, this study does objectively and profoundly, and with a sober eloquence of style worthy of the author's family tradition. E. P. RICHARDSON.

The World After War. Henry Bamford Parkes, Crowell. $2.50.
A Permanent United Nations. Amos J. Peaslee. Putnam. $1.50.
Victory Is Not Enough. Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer. Norton. $3.00.

DR. PARKES emphasizes the importance of maintaining a wide margin of military supremacy by the United Nations after the war. Mr. Peaslee has collected certain speeches and articles and summarized his conclusion that only a strong democratic World Government can administer Germany and the other nations of the earth. Mr. Ranshofen-Wertheimer is far and away the most optimistic of the three, although he stresses the importance of building up adequate international machinery now and calls for temporary total occupation of an aggressor such as Germany. He too wants some sort of an international confederation set up, and his vision embraces security for every man. As he puts it: "Everything will be socialism" but not in the strict Marxist sense. Rehabilitation will be the result of occupying Germany and the Powers will disarm.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC

We quote below at some length from a recent review of Ross J. S. Hoffman's "THE GREAT REPUBLIC" written by Crane Brinton of Harvard University for THOUGHT. Mr. Brinton says: (*The italics are ours.*)

The purpose of Mr. Hoffman's essay is to sketch the outlines of that "great republic" men once called "Christendom" which, though often menaced from the outside, often divided against itself, and never—since it is an earthly thing—perfect, has yet endured for fifteen centuries.

This society of nations is an organism, with its roots in tradition and belief, and no creature of contract or planning. *It cannot become a unitary world-state*, nor even a unitary state embracing the whole of the territory of Christendom, for one of the conditions of its existence is the free moral being of its constituent members, or nations.

The great modern conquerors from Charles V to Hitler have tried to impose, in the name of one ideal or another, a forced unity. In modern times nationalistic selfishness on the part of the member states has brought that republic into its present strait. Rationalist liberalism has, through a devotion to mistaken notions about contract, actually contributed to the destruction worked by tribal nationalism. . . .

With Mr. Hoffman's thesis as well as with most of the specific details with which he illustrates and develops it the reviewer is in enthusiastic agreement. Indeed, he wishes that the little book could be distributed widely as an antidote to the recrudescence of some *worse-than-Wellsian* planning that threatens us in the event of the victory of the United States and Great Britain in the present war. . . . He goes beneath the conventional views about the reasons for the failure of the League of Nations to one of the fundamentals of human association:

It did *not* arise as the expression or function of the nature of nations; it was not the organization, in its political aspect, of a *common civilization* whose members had a sense of belonging and loyalty to the "great republic." It recognized no social and political reality that *transcended* the sovereign individual state. The League arose as a mere collective security system, and in it a *general will* could no more be produced than in Rousseau's social contract state.

His admirable introduction, which should on no account be skipped, makes it clear that he is well aware that noisy quarreling over not very significant abstractions has been one of the divisive forces of our age, one of the reasons why the great republic is now in jeopardy. He is anxious to get us back to fundamentals, in regard to which some kinds, at least, of the very diverse persons who have in the United States been labelled "liberals" may turn out to be *good citizens of the great republic.* Certainly the more of these "liberals" who can be brought to work for the great republic the better. All too many of them will otherwise go wandering off after the latest rationalist planner.

CRANE BRINTON.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC: A Historical View of the International Community and the Organization of Peace, by Ross J. S. Hoffman. Price $1.00.

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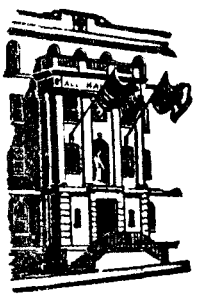

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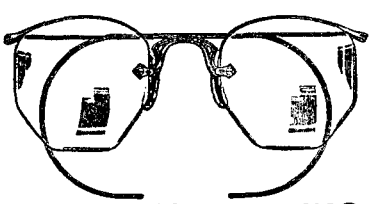

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The Inner Forum

Statements of the German Bishops

DURING the past year the German Hierarchy issued four joint pastoral letters from the tomb of Saint Boniface at Fulda, the greatest number ever issued before in a single year. The first which was distributed by Bishop Ehrenfried of Würzburg was read in all the churches of the Reich on Passion Sunday, March 22, 1942, and dealt with violations of the Concordat by the German government. It told of pressure exerted against individuals among the faithful to prevent them from practising their religion, the dechristianization of the German schools, the obstructing of the clergy—even banishment and concentration camps—the abolition of the Catholic press and attacks on the Religious Orders. The Bishops also protested against the deprivation of personal freedom, the killing of the insane and the incurable, slanders against the Church and official anti-Christian propaganda.

The second pastoral dealt with the Jubilee of Pope Pius XII. It stressed the fact that the Pope had spent more than half his episcopal life in Germany itself, that he had been particularly attracted to the German people and was greatly aware of their needs. This pastoral was the occasion of a stirring plea for peace and reconstruction.

The third was dated August 19, 1942 and a summary was sent out over the Vatican radio. A considerable portion of the pastoral was omitted from the broadcast, which dealt primarily with the sufferings and loyalty of the German Catholics at war and again exhorted peace. The first part of the omitted portion stated that whereas the Church had had to struggle against nineteenth-century liberalism, today "she has the courage for truth in the struggle for liberty of conscience, for the dignity of man, for liberty of exercising the rights bestowed on men by God and nature." Finally, the pastoral again protested against the pressure exercised on German Catholics to leave the Church.

The fourth pastoral dealt with the immoral ideas on sex and the infamous practices which the nazis have encouraged. "It would be much more in the interests of a civilized people to value the freedom of the individual personality than to order biological measures which cannot be realized even in the animal world. The highest desideratum is not the State peopled with scientifically bred human beings, but the civilized State working with people with a mind and will of their own, who are not just highly developed animals. No exception to this is possible, not even in wartime, for even war cannot turn wrong into right."

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